

NORTHERN

JUNKET



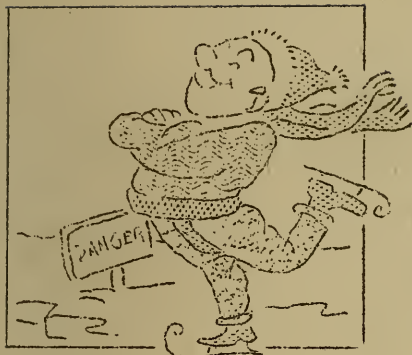
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# TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

I've been a polka fan for a long, long time. Last issue I mentioned the widespread popularity of polka dancing as of 1970-71.

Good friend  
Tony Seliskey loaned me his  
copy of "POLKA DIGEST" from  
which the following information

was found.

In Massachusetts you can dance polkas to live music, Saturdays and/or Sundays in these cities: Worcester (3 places), Lynn, Lowell, Wilbraham, Peabody, Mendon, Hadley, Chelsea, Salem, South Boston, Webster, Ludlow, Aldenville, Northampton, Taunton, Uxbridge, E. Walpole, and Westfield.

In Connecticut: Taftville, Jewett City, Bridgeport, Windsor Locks, Dayville, Hazardville, Rockfall, Hartford, Newington, Southport, Willimantic, Uncasville, Greenwich, Rockville, Colchester, West Hartford, New London, Torrington, Chester, and New Britain.

Surprised at the number of places? So was I! Just in case somebody thinks that I'm making all this up, send 50¢ to "The Polka Digest" Box 1042, New Britain, Conn. 06050, requesting a copy of the magazine.

And that's enough for now. Don't have any trouble in keeping cool lately do you?

Sincerely

Ralph



# KITCHEN

# JUNKET

*by Ralph Page*

The apple trees were in red bud and the black stems of the sugar plums covered with white, exotic bloom that night when Chris and I walked along the path that was a short cut to Uncle Wallace's. Over in the small marsh to our left frogs were beginning to tune up for their nightly concert. We were on the way to the kitchen junket held annually by Uncle Wallace and Aunt Mabel in their big farmhouse at the end of the road. Word had been passed around among friends and relatives during the week: "Uncle Wallace says they're having a party Saturday night; hope you can come." It would have taken a national disaster to keep us away.

"It's a nice night for the junket," said Chris, shifting the basket of sandwiches from one hand to the other. "Hope you'll get to play that new fiddle tune you learned up north. Ste. Anne's Reel, I mean. Uncle Wallace will want to learn it."

"You get him to dance Morning Star with you," I answered, "and I'll play it then, so everybody can hear what a fine tune it is."

We got to the old farmhouse just in time to help carry the kitchen stove out into the shed. "Won't need no fire in the kitchen tonight," explained Uncle Wallace. "Fireplace in the front room, and you folks dancing will make it warm enough. B'sides, I remember a junket that Uncle Sam Loveland had



once. Part way through, the stovepipe fell down. Landed right in a ten gallon crock of hard cider. Time we'd got the pipe back in place, the whole house was full of smoke and the cider full of soot. Had t' drink the women folk's lemonade, and there warn't near 'nuff to go round. Ever since then I've always said that a stove and a junket don't go together."

Back in the kitchen we found most of the expected guests had arrived. Mostly cousins, near and far removed, or close friends and "adopted" members of the family. That is one good thing about kitchen junkets: everybody tries to get there on time. Come eight o'clock, say, and there's hardly anyone there; by quarter past eight the party is under way, and the dancing started.

"Where's my fiddlin' chair, Mabel? Got to get these young-ones goin'."

A wood-bottomed chair with no back was brought in from the buttery and placed in the corner by the wood box. Eight year old Norma handed Uncle Wallace his fiddle, saying as she did so that she had tuned it up for him and "it's all ready to play."



"Waal, I swear, so't is," said the old man, after three or four experimental scrapes of the bow had proved it so. "Tell yer ma to pay more attention to your music, and less to yer hair-do."

"All right, folks, Lady Walpole's Reel is the figure. Take your partners for Lady Walpole's Reel."



Here was the first jolly scramble for partners, followed by good natured jockeying for positions in the sets. Three sets of us in all, with six couples in each set. One in the kitchen under the critical eye of Uncle Wallace. One in the big living room, and another in the north dining room.

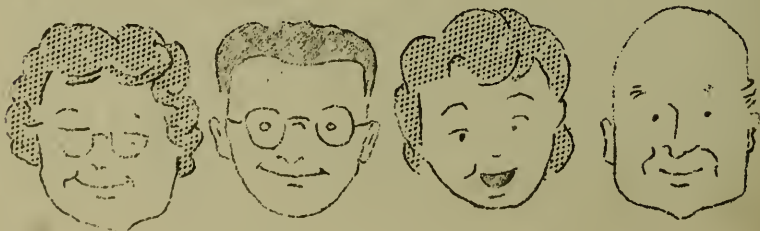
"Balance and swing below."

The loud, clear voice stopped the banter. The kitchen junket had started. The first balance steps and the first few swings were of the best dancing school form. But wait until the next dance. Then the fancy steps and light-footed shenanigans would begin.

"Down the center with your own  
Same way back when you get below  
Cast off and ladies chain  
Prom-m-menade her half way  
Right and left back to your place."

The music goes faster and faster. The swings more furious. The balancing more spirited and complicated. Seven minutes go by. Most of the men have thrown their outer garments onto the chairs lining the walls. Eight minutes. All are getting warmed up, and the last of the misery from aching joints. Nine minutes. "What's the matter Wallace? Can't you play any faster?" "The old man's started and can't run down!"

"Now swing your partners everyone  
Swing 'em again boys, just for fun  
Promenade all. You know where and I don't care  
Open the winders and let in some air."



"How'd you folks get along in the settin' room Charles?"

"Fine. Say, that was the best reel I ever danced. What was you folks laughing at out here in the kitchen?"

"Laughin' at Clint. Swung Ethelyn off her feet and she's so heavy she most flored him!"

"Here comes Jim Davis with his banjo. He's always one figure late. Hurry up Jim, and get tuned up so's we can begin a plain quadrille."

"Huh! Y'ain't got ter wait for me. All tuned up ain't I wallace?"

"'T'was a couple hours ago, before you had to go home and milk. How's that two-year old comin' Jim?"

"Good's they ever do. Dem'f I ever saw a real good one. Hates to let her milk down. Don't like to bother with a heifer 'n her first calf. How's yer "A" wallace?"



That old 5-string banjo was Jim's pride and joy. The case was battered and held together with a couple of skating straps. The instrument itself though, was as spic and span as if it had just come out of a band box. The inlaid mother-of-pearl marking the positions, danced and sparkled in the soft yellow lights of the kerosene lamps that lined the mantle over the kitchen fireplace. The ebony finger board was a dark silken sheen and the silver nuts used to tighten the head shone as though burnished with silver cream polish. As well they had. A good workman is known by his tools, and this was the tool of an artist, and the first few chords proved it.

"By George! Yer right, Jim. 'T ain't down a red hair, now is it?"

"Square up folks. Plain quadrille. Four couples in

a set."

"What's it goin' t' be Wallace, Honest John?"

"Hell no, Harry. Can't do that yet. Ain't but just begun to dance."

"Sure. I know it Wallace. It's a fine figger though."

"So't is, and so is this one. Goin' to call a Caledonian Quadrille."

Tucking the fiddle under his chin he swept the bow across the strings and began the first strain of Bonnie Dundee. "Honor your partners. Honor your corners." Then:

"First four half promenade  
Hald right and left to place  
First four forward, cross right hands around  
Left hands back  
Balance and turn partners  
Same two ladies chain."

Then the side couples repeated the same figure. Never a smile on anyone's face; only by looking into their eyes could you tell whether or not they were having a good time. Fiddle and banjo kept to a strict marching tempo as the couples moved through the figure with an ease and grace of a lifetime of practice. The second figure followed quickly to the tune of Blue Bells of Scotland.

Quick applause greeted the ending of this figure as the dancers drew a deep breath in anticipation of the "breakdown" figure to follow.

"All the ladies balance to the right. Swing!  
All the gent's balance to the left. Swing!

And so on, all around the set. Forfotten were all the niceties taught us by village dancing masters. Who



could be sedate and pickle-faced when fiddle and banjo were racing through the Reel of Stimpie? Pigeon wings. Cooper step. High Betty Martin. Brazing step. All the plain and fancy jig steps. An excited yip of rapture from the dining room told everyone that Larry was up to some complicated di-does.

"Everybody do it again. Y'on yer own." The whole swift figure repeated without benefit of caller. Music going faster and faster. Swirling skirts and stamping feet. The tune had changed to Miss MacLeod's Reel. This was dancing. This was what we came for.

"Come on Chris. Get off yer heels and on't yer toes. What's the matter, can't you keep up?"

All too soon the dance ended with Uncle Wallace shouting "Promenade the girl beside yer. I'm goin' t' stop and have some cider."



The old rhyme drew as much laughter as it had the first time he had used it, long years ago, at some other now forgotten kitchen junket.

"Good idea, Wallace. I need some too."

A tin dipper, filled with the golden brew of Russet apples was passed around to all the men. Each drank from the communal cup and having drank, passed it on to his nearest neighbor. The man who emptied the dipper, filled it, and started it on its way again. The rule was, you could take as many swallows as you wished but no stopping for a second breath; once you'd stopped, that was it, and you handed the dipper along to the next thirsty patron.

"Drink 'er up, men," said Uncle Wallace, "there's plenty more in the barrel. Ain't goin' t' be but two more rounds you know."

"Aw heck, Wallace. How we goin' t' dance on that?"

"Better 'n yer can on a dozen, Bert. That's the rule here you know."

Other kitchen junkets elsewhere, might be the excuse to empty a barrel or so of hard cider, but not here. Everyone knew it and the protesting voices were all a part of the game. If you couldn't feel happy on three man-sized drinks of Russet apple cider, most a year old, then something was the matter with you. After all, there was nothing to stop you from taking a deep breath and taking all you could at a single drink. Once the dipper was lowered though, you must pass it on to some one else. There was no limit to the amount of lemonade for the girls, who always made a great to-do over someone spiking it with gin. Such an event might have happened somewhere, but not under the watchful eye of Aunt Mabel, who could smell hard liquor farther than she could see it.

The old couple were not strait-laced teetotalers. Far from it. But as Aunt Mabel used to say: "Dancin' and hard liquor don't go together. I like vinegar on baked beans, but I don't want any on strawberry shortcake. Everything in its place, and there's a place for everything."

This first stop for refreshments lasted but a short time. It sort of gave us a chance to get our second wind. Followed in quick succession three of the quieter contras. Quieter in that there was a minimum of swinging. Pat'nella, danced to Finnegan's Wake. We "balanced the four corners" in this one, turning a quarter way round to our own right before balancing partner the second, third and fourth time. The old dance books stated that we should turn a quarter to the right before the first balance, but nobody ever paid any atten-



tion to such high falutin' ideas! Arms hanging loosely at our sides, each of us men tried to outdo the others in intricate balance steps. Then the Wild Goose Chase to the tune of the same name. Most of us felt that this was a "good enough dance in a way", but few old-time dancers hankered after it. It was used as a "breather" between strenuous dances and as such it was tolerated. And finally, French Four, danced to Old Zip Coon.

It was a time-honored ritual between Uncle Wallace and Jim Davis, that Uncle was to dance this with mother while Jim played the tune by himself. This was what Jim had been waiting for all evening. It gave him a chance to show his prowess with the strings, and he never failed to give a masterly performance. The old farmhouse echoed to the tune as Jim's big hands plucked the strings unerringly. The applause and yells of approval as the dance ended was as soothing to the old bachelor as Balm of Gilead to a sore muscle. The lean wind-burned face beamed with delight and, ever ready to share his pleasure with another, he called out happily: "Come on now, Al, it's your turn now. Play something so't Wallace can do the next one too. He's so darned old and stiff that he ain't more'n warmed up."

"What do you mean? Old and stiff am I? Bet I do the Morning Star and never miss a step. If you'll play something kinda lively, Al, I'll do some balancin' with Chris that you ain't seen the like of since we charged up San Juan Hill!"

It was always a pleasure to play on Uncle's fiddle. Having a very dark varnish it was known as a "black" violin. The name applied only to its color for it was made by Conant of Brattleboro, Vermont, in 1864. The bow was an ounce or so heavier too then the general run

of such, making it very easy to get a good full tone from all the strings.

"What yer goin' t' play, Al?" quæried Jim, as the sets were lining up.

"Like to play Ste. Anne's Reel," I answered. "Do you know it? I learned it a few weeks ago up in Quebec."

"Nope. Never heard of it. How's it go?"

"Key of D, like this," and going over close to him I ran over the tune a couple of times while he listened and watched the fingering.

"Now let me try it with yer once, Al. Seems t' be easy enough." He had it the first time through. "Good enough to stub round home on." he grinned.

Meanwhile, there was a lot of commotion going on around us. Everybody it seemed, wanted to be in Uncle Wallace's set.



"Thunderation!" he exploded, in a voice loud enough to be heard clear up to Stoddard Box. "Ain't room enough in here for all of yer. Two sets is enough. Th' rest of yer go some place else and set down."

"Hadn't ought t' have that many," volunteered Henry Wilson. "Too crowded in here now."

"Room enough for anyone who knows how t' dance," replied Walter Barret, "if you could balance 'stead of hoppin' round like a grasshopper - -"

"What are you hollerih' about," interrupted Uncle Wallace, "You're off over there by the winders where it's cool. We got th' fireplace a singing our backsides. Who throwed that maple chunk on th' fire?"



"Thawin' out a mite, be ye, Wallace? Sh'd think ye would, carryin' that paunch o' yourn round."

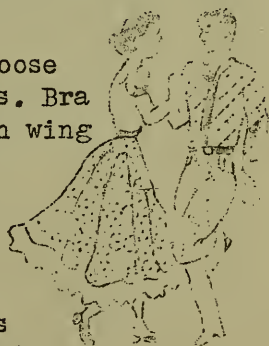
The three enderly men had been insulting each other since before many of us there could remember. Strangers hearing them for the first time expected them to come to blows. Such an idea never entered their heads. It was only routine procedure with them.

"Will you old men stop treadin' round each other like a bunch of Shanghai roosters, so's we can get to dancin'," said Edna, finally.

"That's right," said Ernest, "let 'er go Al, 'fore we all suffocate in here."

"Sets in order," commanded Uncle Wallace, "here's how it goes. 'Right hand to partners, balance and swing. Left hand balance and swing. Down the center and back. Cast off and right and left four.' You all know it. Ain't no need of my callin' the changes. Stay with th' music, an' don't hurry."

Right off the bat, the men cut loose with fancy balance steps: Cooper steps. Brazing steps. High Betty Martins. Pigeon wing and Tiptoe Jims. Plain and fancy clog steps, the 'active' men did them all; a different balance step each time. While waiting their turn the 'inactive' men kept up a soft undercurrent rhythm of heel and toe taps. The girls too, caught the spirit of the dance and did light toe-twinkling steps in a sort of counter-point to their more boistrous partners. Even the 'right and left' figure was danced with 'fancy Dan' capers.



Dancing in Uncle's set were Larry, Walter, Louis, Harry and Everett, all renowned 'balancers'. Our family was known as one of exceptional dancers and here were the best of the lot. The other set wasn't to be sneezed



at either, since Earold, Ernest, Clint, Sam, Harry and Sheldon could hold their own in any 'balancing' company.

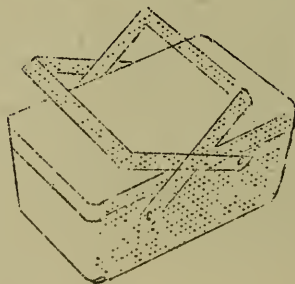
The Conant fiddle seemed to play by itself as I gave the tune every variation I'd ever heard in Quebec the previous winter.

"Gor-rye, Wallace," panted Sam as the dance ended, "give most anything 'f I could cut a pigeon wing the way you do. Guess you're right about my knees not bein' hung on right."

"Warn't that a good tune," beamed Uncle Wallace, wiping the perspiration from his face. "Say you brought it down from Canady with yer? Want to learn it sometime. Puts music into yer feet all right, don't it?"

"Ian' sakes," gasped Little Henry Wilson, "I most had to ask Florence to breathe for me 'fore I got to th' end of th' line. Ain't had so much exercise since we hayed the Brickyard and mowed through a white-assed hornet's nest!"

Suddenly, everyone there realized that they were hungry, and while the girls were hurrying around getting the baskets of food from the buttery, some of us men brought in some saw-horses and planks and set up long tables in front of the fireplace in the sitting room. There were some near accidents with the planks, and everybody got in the way at some time or another. It was a happy sort of confusion and in a very few minutes we had found seats around the tables and were gazing in mouth-watering anticipation at the 'lunch' set before us.



There were egg sandwiches, cheese sandwiches, baked bean sandwiches, and platters of thick-sliced cold roast pork, roast beef, home-cured ham and corned beef to be used as 'makings' for sandwiches by anyone who wanted them. Sour pickles, dill pickles, sweet tomato pickle and piccalilli. Yellow earthenware bowls heaped high with potato chips. Mince-meat pie and dried-apple pie. It was almost a sacrilege to start eating any of it.

"Never saw you men so bashful in my life," said Helen, cousin Ernest's wife. "You usually ast's though you hadn't et for a week. Aim to set here all night a droolin'?"

The spell was broken. Everyone reached at once. As I stretched for the plate of egg sandwiches, Clint, sitting opposite, anticipated the move and caught my wrist. Ensued a few seconds of 'wrist twistin', resulting in Sheldon getting the prize instead of either of us. "There, you see?" laughed my sister Marguerite. "That's what you get for being a hog."



If there had been laughter and joking during the dancing, it was nothing to what went on the next half hour. We kept reminding each other of previous junkets: how much someone else had eaten. About the time that the combination of hot pork and the heat of the room had nearly overcome Sheldon, so that we had had to put him to bed for a while. About Clint and I eating the contents of a two-pound box of saltines the night Ethelyn made the welsh rarebit. Of the night we'd hung May baskets at Frank Bridge's before going on to a party at Maurice's. Of the night we'd had oyster stew at Harold's birthday party and someone had dropped a bright red crab into Harry's glass of water. Of shivers following the marriage of many now sitting round

the tables. It being generally conceded that the shiveree to end all shiverees was the one honoring the wedding of Howard and Irene several years ago, during which we'd fired off box after box of shotgun shells until the barrels were too hot to touch; let off twenty pounds of dynamite and Frank Burgess had contrived a gigantic 'devil's fiddle', that had been heard miles down the river. The whole conclave had so frightened Everett Scott's new housekeeper that she had left for her native Cape Cod at dawn the next morning.

Swiftly the food disappeared, washed down with strong coffee that mother and Marguerite made in an enamelware kettle over the blaze in the fireplace.

"Whew", groaned Florence, "And I didn't think I was hungry when I set down."

"That's what you always say," retorted her husband Sheldon.

"Ayuh," agreed Clint, "and then you eat more'n any four of us. Don't know where you put it all."

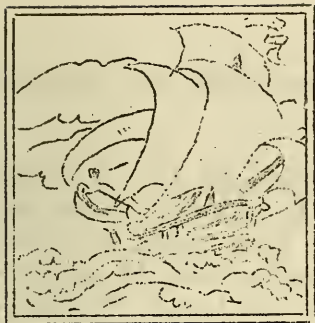
"Throw your plates and cups into the fireplace and then move those tables out of here." Aunt Mabel told us. "We might want to dance some more after a while."

This was done speedily, amost before you could say 'All around Jack Robinson's barn' a dozen times. By using paper plates and cups we saved the girls a lot of work and time from washing dishes.

Then, Uncle Wallace asked: "Laurie, won't you sing something for us?"

- to be continued -





# WAY BACK

# TO TODAY

by ED MOODY

Please don't ever think that good fellowship and comfortable Old-Time Dancing are dead. Last summer in the company of Joe and Ginger Hritz of Cleveland, Ohio, we motored to Bainbridge, Ohio, to attend the twice a month Saturday Evening Get-together Dance of the Young Oldster Group. In passing let me first state that this group has been meeting for over 27 years under several sponsorships.

It started in 1942 at the Bainbridge Community Hall, sponsored by the Odd Fellows and music by the Finch Orchestra. Later in 1942 the Orkette orchestra took over the music and the sponsorehip. This orchestra is still playing and in 1967 celebrated its 25th Anniversary with a free dance - between 300 and 400 people attended. Later sponsors were the Bainbridge Dance Club Bainbridge Colunteer Firemen and Chuck Tini, hall custodian. In 1968 the dance transferred to the Bainbridge Community Church with sponsorship by two couples, Gene & Mable Hazelett and Walter & Grace Jorgensen, the latter couple getting the church hall, as they are members of the church.

Over 100 folks, with 90% of them well past the three-score mark, and with 99.99% of them minus mini-skirts, were all there ready for the opening Two-Step at 9:00 o'clock. 10 sets squared by for the quadrille. All had come for just two reasons - first, to meet friendly people and unite with them in an evening of pleasantness; second, to indulge in an almost forgotten



art which, in the dictionary is described as follows:  
 "to move in step with the music."

All the gentlemen wore suits but, as the evening was hot, they took off their coats to expose long-sleeved white shirts with four-in-hand ties, dark trousers and low shoes. The ladies were suitably clad in comfortable, tasteful dresses of patterns of their choosing. Smiles and extended hands of welcome to each couple as they entered the hall was most noticeable.

Old-time courtesies of a past era appeared continually. After such mixers as the Circle Two-Step, The Whistle Dance, and the Broom dance, all the gentlemen escorted his final partner to her seat, then bowed politely before leaving her and returning to his own seat. Other little niceties kept cropping up to the surface and carrying us back a couple of score of years if someone fouled up a quadrille figure, or bumped into someone else in the polka or Boston Two-Step only friendly smiles were exchanged sans any of today's sneers and shoving.



So much for the folks who were dancing and enjoying the evening. Now let us scan the music and the prompter. A drummer, who also doubled on the trombone and saxophone; a pianist who played only chords for some of the dances, but generally played the melody. And Walter Parker, who has been playing with the group for untold years. He is a real musician and a master of the tuba. When the occasion called for it, he furnished the OOM-PAH at the proper end of each eight measures. Often he played the melody in dances that did not need that OOM-PAH. They played at about 105 to 110 beats per minute, which is slow by today's reckoning, but as nobody left til the curfew rang at 12:00 o'clock, it was just the proper tempo for all the folks there. Yes, Orkette's Orchestra of four pieces is a fine old-time band.

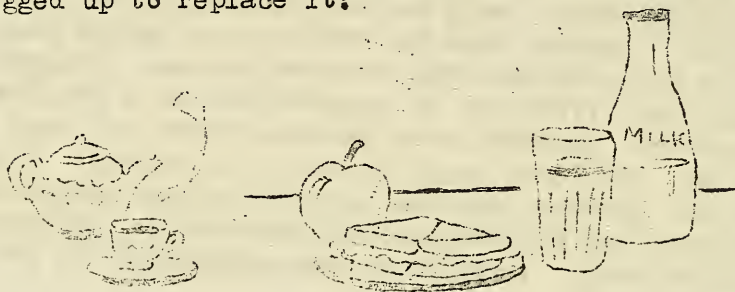


Audre Blair, another local youngster flirting with the 60-plus mark, MCD the evening and called the quadrilles. He seemed to have a very set pattern of behavior: sliding in rapidly at about three minutes of nine he beats the deadline by about two seconds in the hanging up of two speakers on already installed hooks, plugging in his PA system and setting up his tripod. What is this tripod for? Well he told us that he has about 30 cards six inches high by twenty-four inches long, all neatly lettered with the names of dances. Everyone knows that the first set of dances will be a Two-Step with two short encores; a waltz with ditto; and then a schottische, but Audre hangs up the cards anyway. From then on the program follows a loose pattern sprinkled with requests and in jotting down the sequence as Audre hands up the cards three at a time announcing the next patterns.

I jotted them down on a card and noticed that they well resembled the old-time dance orders of yester-year minus only the solken cord and pygmy pencil. Although Audre seemed to be pulling cards out of his pile at random, he must have a system well thought out beforehand, artfully mixing the several types of dances as follows:

Two-Step	Big Circle Mixer
Waltz	Moonlight Waltz
Schottische	Requests (Chop Suey)
Plain Quadrilles	Barn Dance
Whistle Fox Trot (Mixer)	Heel & Toe Polka
Special Waltzes	Duchess
A. Cuban	Black Hawk Waltz
B. Rye Waltz	La Fayette
C. Waltz of the Bells	Broom Dance (Mixer)
D. One, Two, Three	Waltz Quadrille in 3
Waltz	Figures
Military Trot	Boston Two-Step
Polka	Fox Trot
Intermission	Good Night Waltz

As said, apparently cards were pulled at random, but that random must have been carefully arranged to produce the above well-rounded-out program. I was told that so many brooms had been broken in the Broom Dance that a "plumber's helper" complete with bells, had been rigged up to replace it!



Now for the intermission. Every lady had been busy over a hot stove or equal, and when we adjourned to the supper room, long tables were heaped with goodies of every sort, plus steaming hot coffee. You don't just help yourself to any of the eats belonging to some one else, unless they offer it to you. Usually people sitting at the same table will share their food with the ones at the same table, as happened at ours. This intermission lasted about 20 minutes, and the orchestra was ready to go as soon as the majority got back into the big hall.

Now folks, there must be many such gatherings scattered all over the United States, but they are never advertised, thus travellers can never find them unless they happen to have friends in the locality where such dances exist. The people who belong to these groups belong for the sole purpose of true enjoyment. They do not realize that they are doing a much greater thing for coming generations. They are keeping alive the true meaning of the word "dancing".

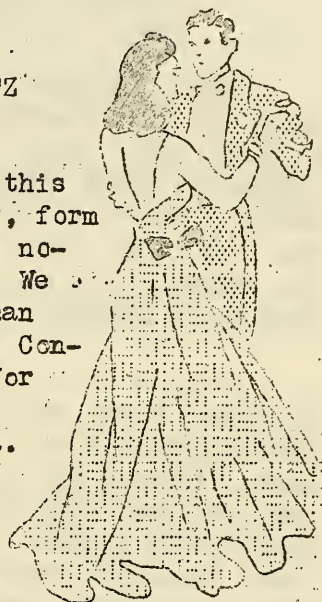
Not only are these folks enjoying themselves and friends, but they are preserving one of America's richest heritages.

# OLD-TIME DANCING IN

## THE CLEVELAND AREA

by JOE & GINGER HRITZ

We're very happy to see that this too long neglected, publicity-wise, form of dancing is finally getting some notice in a national dance magazine. We believe it is a part of the American Folk Dance picture, along with the Contra and Square. It has been done for many years and still survives, at least in the Cleveland, Ohio, area. It would be quite interesting to know how many other areas in the U.S. still have Old-Time Dances. During World War II, we attended Old Time Dances in Sacramento and Yuba City, California. Ralph Page has told us of dancing them in Tacoma, Washington.



The nice thing about this type of dancing is that it's always done to live music. It flourished extensively in Cleveland prior to World War II. Many of the public ballrooms devoted particular nights to it. Since World War II it has declined, along with regular ballroom dancing. At present we have the following dances still going:

Bainbridge Community Church - all year  
round - 2 Sats. a month - 28 years old.  
West Side Widows & Widowers Club -

every Sun. Sept. through June - over 30  
30 years old.

Wilbur Wright Community Center - Every  
Wed. Oct. through April - over 100 years  
old.

Masonic Hall - Irregular Sats. Summer  
only. 5 years old.

Local callers, Elsie Biltz and Ray Sullinger, include Old Time dances at their square dances. These two callers call only to live music and call only the single visiting couple type calls, or other Traditional calls. Ray calls to an orchestra, while Elsie plays the piano and calls, while her husband, George, plays the drums. Elsie has such a powerful voice, she usually uses no PA system!

The Old Time couple dances we have danced in the Cleveland area are: Cuban Waltz, La Fayette, Duchess, Varsouvienne (also called Mazurka), Three Step, Four Step, Military Trot (also called Bugle Trot), Schottische (Not the hop, but a four-step glide), Double "O" Schottische (glide not hop, composed by two Cleveland Dance teachers, Henry Oster and Harry O'Laughlin, the name coming from the first initials of their surnames), Rye Waltz, Badger Gavotte, One, Two Three Waltz, Minuet Waltz, Booms-A-Daisy, Heel and Toe Polka, Glow Worm, Maggie In the Cabbage Patch (like Finger Polka), Barn Dance (hop schottische), Boston Two Step and Chester Schottische. Recent additions are Jessie Polka (done by two or more people), Black Hawk Waltz, Susan's Gavotte (also used as a mixer) and Waltz Of the Bells. A medley of couple dances is called a Chop Suey.

The only Old Time dance for three persons we have done is The Old Gray Mare, while the only two couple dance was the Sicilian Circle. Mixers done are: Whistle Dances, Broom Dance, Robbers Dance, Circle Two Step, Oh Johnny Oh and Wild Irishman.

Plain Quadrilles (square) and Waltz Quadrilles (square in waltz time) are included in the programs,



but are the single visiting couple type, or simialr.

Contras we've danced are: Virginia Reel, Martha Washington, Crooked "S" (Hull's Victory) and Money Musk. One may be included on any program.

What is an Old Time Dance? Probably this question should have been asked at the beginning of this article. It is a composite of the above dances, couple, square and contra, with the couple predominating, with two steps and waltzes interspersed in the program. In Cleveland, it always starts with a straight two step, followed by a straight waltz. Most everyone does a two step waltz. A Moonlight Waltz (straight waltz with the dance hall in dim light) may be included.

In closing, we have found Old Time Dancing very enjoyable and quite rewarding in the four "F's":

1. Fun
2. Friendliness
3. Fellowship
4. Family, a big, happy one, 9 to 90

with all ages participating (Bainbridge dance only, mainly oldsters at the others).

Dances are easy to learn. There is no competitiveness, or "show off" spirit. Everyone enjoys dancing and does so to the best of his, or her ability. Everyone comes to dance and have fun - and does so.

We are collecting Old Time Dance records and would appreciate any leads on the dances listed. If anyone wants to discuss, or ask questions about Old Time Dancing, please write or phone us. Better yet, come to Cleveland, Ohio, and Old Time Dance with us as Ed and Helen Moody have done.

Joe & Ginger Hritz  
4082 Fulton Rd. E-33  
Cleveland, Ohio, 44144

phone: 216-749-1594



# NEWS

The Folk Dance Center of Philadelphia announce the following special events:

- January 23 - Ada Dziewanowska - Polish Dances
  - February 27 - Glenn Bannerman - Kentucky Running Sets & Appalachian Dances
  - March 20 - Roger Whynot - New England & Maritime Square Dances - Virgin Island Dances
  - April 10 - Howard Wells - Western Squares
  - May 1 - International May Day Masqued Ball
  - May 29,30,31 - Spring Weekend at Camp Hilltop, Downington, Penna.
- All events, unless otherwise noted, at the Folk Dance Center, 2027 Chestnut St. Philadelphia, Pa.

The New England Folk Festival Association will hold its annual Festival the weekend of May 14-15-16, 1971, at King Philip Regional High School, Wrentham, Mass.

Gretel & Paul Dunsing are in the process of planning their next tour, to begin late in April, 1971. Already confirmed are May 1st for a day of Recorder playing in South Bend, Ind. and Sept. 7 - 13, at Ralph Page's Fall Folk Dance Camp in New Hampshire. Further information may be had by writing the Dunsings, 7740 39th Ave. N. St. Petersburg, Fla. 33709

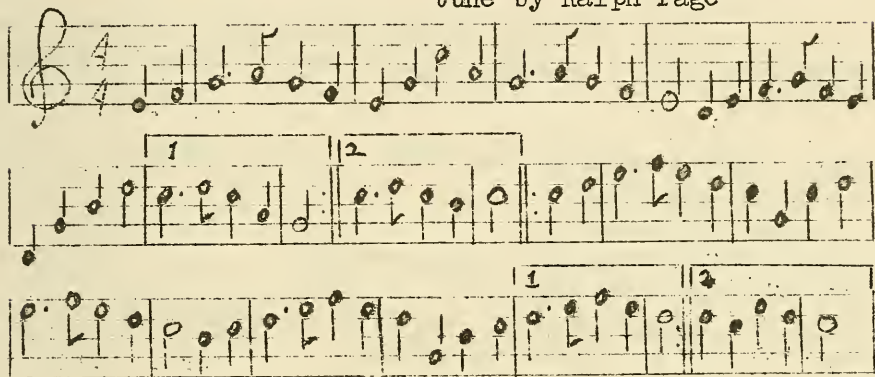
FLASH: Andor Czompo has had major surgery, but is making a satisfactory recovery. Cards from his friends would help. Address is Andor Czompo, 8 Brentwood Drive, Homer, N.Y. 13077

If you know the names and addresses of any fiddlers you are requested to send them to Kanawha Records, attention of Ken Davidson, P.O. Box 7791, Jacksonville, Fla. 32210. They are printing a Fiddlers Directory and hope to include as many fiddlers in the U.S. and Canada as possible.

# CONTRA DANCE

## THE GRACES

Suggested music: "McQuillen's Squeezebox" an original  
tune by Ralph Page



Couples 1 - 4 - etc active. Do NOT cross over

Forward six and back

Six hands half around, break out into lines and -

Forward six and back again

Six hands half around to place

Head couples down the center. Same way back

Cast off one couple

Second couple down the center. Same way back (do NOT  
cast off; return to place).

Leading couples right hand star with third couple

Left hand star back to place

Right and left with second couple (couple above)

This version was found in "A Collection of Contra Dances of Late, Approved and Fashionable Figures". Walpole N.H. Printed at the Museum Press and sold at The Walpole Bookstores. Thomas 1799 Carlisle. It is a 48 measure dance, as were many of that day.

# SQUARE DANCE

## ROGER'S DANCE #2

An original square by Roger Whynot, Hardwick, Mass.

Caller's choice of tune, breaks and ending. End the introduction with a promenade partners and from this promenade -

Heads wheel around and do si do the one you face  
 All swing the same  
 All face the center  
 Center four circle four once around  
 Same two, pass through  
 Split the outside two and separate go round one  
 Four in line go forward and back  
 All circle left (eight hands around)  
 All swing corner, promenade the same  
 etc. etc.

xoxoxoxoxoxoxox

People who don't believe in guardian angels haven't done much driving in rush-hour traffic.  
 Most people will fight much harder for special privileges than for equal rights.

Some folks are so prejudiced that they won't listen to the other side of a record.  
 A taxi is a vehicle that always seems to dissolve in the rain.

What this country needs is a new kind of money that would be easier to save than spend.  
 Flattery is the art of keeping a swivel tongue in your head. A genius is a fellow whom everyone calls a crack pot until he hits the jackpot.

# LOOK!

I am NOT going into the record business, BUT - - - - -

"THE SOUTHERNERS PLUS TWO PLAY RALPH PAGE"

is a 12" LP recently recorded and released in England

Music for 10 dances, contra or squares

20 tunes, 11 of which are my own original airs

It is a good, useable record. I have 30 of them at hand

I will gladly sell them to you @ \$4.95 each plus .30;

postage and handling.

Ralph Page, 117 Washington St. Keene, N.H. 03431

\*\*\*\*\*

The ABE KANEGSON memorial record album is ready! This is welcome news to lovers of folk songs. "Black Is the Color of My True Love's Hair, The Keeper of the Eddy-stone Light, A Wanderin', Water Boy, Ha Na'Ava Babanot, Roumania, Brother Can You Spare A Dime, Hi Ho Jerum, Big Rock Candy Mountain, Joshua Fit the Battle Of Jericho". These plus eleven more songs in a fifty-minute program are in store for you. The 12-inch LP record can be obtained for \$5, plus 20¢ mailing charge, by mail order to the Kanegson Record Fund, c/o/ Doris Weller, 148 E. 30th St. apt. 3F, New York, N.Y. 10016

\*\*\*\*\*



# THE THISTLE

## A MAGAZINE FOR SCOTTISH DANCERS

Descriptions - Background - History

Sample backnumber on request

Quarterly \$1.25 from 3515 Fraser St. Vancouver 10, B.C.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Canadian Folk Dance Record Service now carries full lines of "DANCE ISRAEL" LP; also Bert Everett's book TRADITIONAL CANADIAN DANCES. Write for their listings.

185 Spadina Ave. Toronto 2B, Ontario, Canada

\*\*\*\*\*

### WANTED

Copies of old recipe nooks, the privately printed ones gathered together by Ladies' Aid Groups, Rebeckahs, or Churches & Granges. AND old dance & festival programs Convention Programs. Don't throw them away. Send them to me. I collect them as a part of a research project AISO - any old-time dance music for violin or full orchestration. Dance music only, please. Send to:

Ralph Page, 117 Washington St. Keene, N.H. 03431

\*\*\*\*\*

Conny Taylor, 62 Fottler Ave. Lexington, Mass. announces a new FOLK DANCE RECORD SERVICE. For more complete information, call him at VO2-7144.

\*\*\*\*\*



# FOR SALE

Swing Below - \$1.50

by Ed Moody - A Book On The Contra Dance

Musical Mixer Fun - \$1.00

by Ray Olson

Dancing Back The Clock - \$1.50

directions for 94 Old-Time English Round Dances

The Ralph Page Book Of Contra Dances - \$1.50

by Ralph Page - 22 dances plus suggested music

Let's Create Old-Tyme Square Dancing - \$2.50

by Ralph Sweet - A MUST book for serious callers

New Hampshire Camp Notebook - \$1.00

200 dances - square, contra, folk - songs & recipes

New Hampshire Camp Fare - \$1.00

favorite recipes at N.H. Folk Dance Camps

Country Kitchen - \$1.75

favorite recipes of Monadnock Region of N.H.

COMPLETE YOUR FILE OF NORTHERN JUNKET!

we have many of the back issues at .50¢ each

Order any of the above material from:

Ralph Page, 117 Washington St. Keene, N.H. 03431

FOLK DANCE HOUSE is now holding classes three nights a week at the

"V" HALL of the

Diocese Armenian Church  
630 Second Avenue  
Between 34th and 35th Street  
N.Y.C.

Do NOT use the Cathedral entrance. There is a separate door in the stone wall, in the middle of the Avenue. THAT IS THE DOOR TO USE.

COME JOIN US FOR THE SAME KIND OF QUALITY FOLK DANCING for which folk Dance House is famous. Mary Ann & Michael Herman will do most of the teaching.

Tuesdays 6-8 p.m. Early class for Intermediate folk dancing with thorough instruction for those with some experience.  
8:30 - 11 p.m. Fast Intermediate session, rapid teaching and review.

Wednesdays - 6-8 p.m. for real beginners. A fun way to get started in folk dancing. Basic dances taught painlessly - you'll be dancing in no time at all.  
8:30 - 11 p.m. Late class. Advanced and practice sessions for those with much experience. Emphasis on style.

Fridays - 8:30 - 11 p.m. Light folk dance fun. Easy intermediate, advanced. A real folk dance "come-all-ye"!

\*\*\*\*\*

If you are a singer of or lover of Folksongs, then remember the date of Sunday, February 14, 1971. Place - Ford's Theatre. Theme - Folksongs of Abe Lincoln and the Civil War. Organized and MC'd by Joe Hickerson. The program is offered by the Folklore Society of Greater Washington, National Park Service, and the National Folk Festival Association.

Write to Folk-Legacy Records, Inc. asking for their latest catalog of folk song LPs. Address them at Sharon, Conn. 06069.

THANKS TO: Ira Laby - 25 back issues of Northern Junket  
Dance programs & Dance notes.  
Szep - book of cartoons  
Ralph Sweet - The Greenwood Fife Book  
Jack Hamilton - LP record of contra tunes  
Carrie Stahl - Photographs  
Cressy Goodwin - Photographs  
Libertad Fajardo - Box of Manila cigars  
Mr. & Mrs. H. Thorne King - 2 Scottish  
Dance Books  
Norman Cazden - Book of Fiddle Tunes  
Nellie Maxwell - Box of cigars  
Charlie Baldwin - Square dance record  
Bev & Ginny Wilder - cookbook  
Bob Paul - Photographs!  
Mr. & Mrs. Paul Dumsing - 1971 Calander  
Mr. & Mrs. John Clark - Calander  
Tony Seliskey - LP of Polka music  
Windy Sayer - Cookbook

DIED: Oct. George Bell  
Dec. 30, Robert Lamond

Tony Parkes & Gene Meyers lead Square & Folk Dancing at the Community Church, 40 East 35th St. NYC, every 2nd & 4th Saturday evenings, 7:30 - 10:30 p.m. If you wish to be on their mailing list write, Tony Parkes, 123-39 83rd Ave. Kew Gardens, N.Y. 11415

Dates for MAINE FOLK DANCE CAMP are:

June 19 - 25; June 26 - July 2; July 3 - 9; July 10 - 16 - - - August 21 - 27; Aug. 28 - Sept 3; Labor Day Weekend, Sept. 3 - 6.

George Fogg leads English Country Dancing in the Old South Church Congregational, S. Weymouth, Mass. the following Monday evenings: January 25; February 8 & 22; March 8, 15, 22, & 29; April 12 & 26; May 10 & 24. The last will be a party night. Live music at all dates.

Write to TIDEWATER PUBLISHERS, Cambridge, Md. 21613 for a list of their books featuring the folklore of Maryland.

Write to Educational Activities, Inc. Freeport, N.Y. 11520, requesting their catalog # 71 A for material & records for square & folk dance especially for children.

The Roberson Folk Dancers sponsor a Roger Knox workshop at the American Civic Association, 131 Front St. Binghamton, N.Y. February 13, 1971. 2-5 & 8-12 p.m. Special lessons on the hamboras well as some squares & contras. Everybody welcome.

The Country Dance Society, Boston Center, announce 2 special parties: January 30, English Country Dance Party at Cambridge YWCA, 7 Temple St. and a St. Valentine Square Dance Party, Feb. 11, at 3 Joy St. Boston. Everybody welcome.

The Annual Folk Dance Festival sponsored by the International Folk Dancers of Rochester, N.Y. will be held April 3, 1971. Further information from David Valentine 44 Oliver St. Rochester, N.Y. 14607





# FOLK DANCE

## HEILSBERGER DREIECK

German

Record T72479

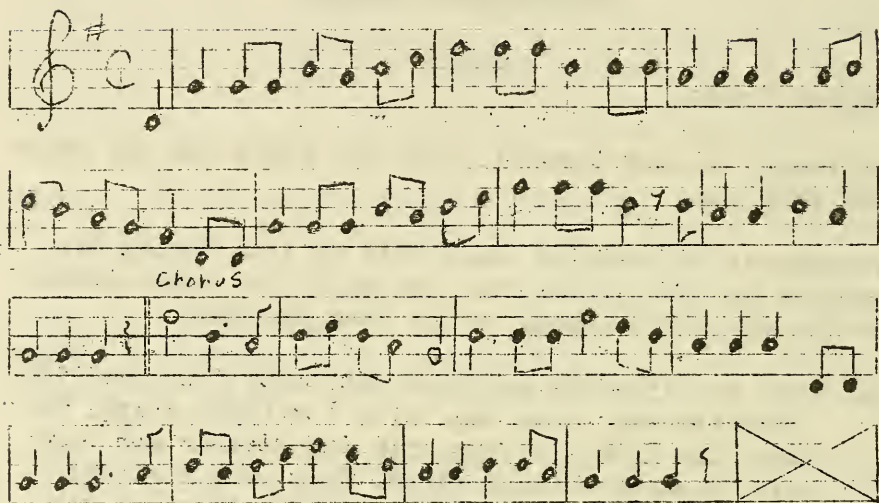
As taught by Jane Farwell. Both the music and the dance are very old.

Formation: Two couples stand side by side facing two couples in rows up and down the hall. The dance being progressive, lines move up and down the hall.

1. The two "inside" men lead out, hook R elbows with opposite man, turn once with 4 walking steps. The same two hook L elbows with own partner and turn with 4 steps walking steps. Then hook R elbows with opposite partner, then return to place with 4 steps.
2. This is repeated with the "outside" men leading out to hook elbows with opposite man, etc.
3. All 4 on a side join hands in a row. Start with L foot, step to L side, place R foot behind L, take another step L and a quick change step (R,L). Repeat to R starting with R foot. (This step is often done simply as a step, behind, step, swing).
4. Repeat all of 3 back to original place
5. All grand chain around set until meeting own partner; turn once around by R hand, shoulder high and continue grand chain in same direction to place. Then with 4 walking steps, cross under archway of opposite couple (without turning) to greet a new row of dancers. Can also be done with R & L thru.

# FOLK SONG

## LORD OF THE DANCE



I danced in the morning when the world was begun,  
 And I danced in the moon and the stars and the sun  
 And I came down from heaven and I danced on the earth  
 At Bethlehem I had my birth.

### Chorus

Dance then, wherever you may be,  
 I am the Lord of the Dance said he,  
 And I'll lead you all wherever you may be  
 And I'll lead you all in the Dance said he.

I danced for the scribe and the pharisee  
 But they would not dance and they wouldn't follow me,  
 I danced for the fishermen, for James and John  
 They came with me and the dance went on.

### Chorus

I danced on the Sabbath and I cured the lame  
 The holy people Said it was a shame,  
 They whipped and they stripped and they hung me high  
 And they left me there on a Cross to die.

### Chorus

I danced on a Friday when the sky turned black  
 It's hard to dance with the devil on your back  
 They buried my body And they thought I'd gone  
 But I am the dance and I still go on.

### Chorus

They cut me down and I leapt up high  
 I am the life that'll never, never die  
 I'll live in you if you'll live in me  
 I am the Lord of the Dance said he.

### Dance th Chorus

Dance then, therever you may be  
 I am the Lord of the Dance said he,  
 And I'll lead you all wherever you may be  
 And I'll lead you all in the Dance said he.

"Lord of the Dance" is not a true folksong and is not presented as such. It should have an appeal to dancer of all varieties. We first heard it at the Bannermans Thanksgiving Weekend down in Harrisonburg, Virginia. Marie Acree sang it at a Sunday morning service and it is Miss Acree to whom we give thanks for sending us a photostat copy. The song may be found in "Songs of Faith" Also in Risk and Worker's Quarterly: Hymns for Now.

xoxoxoxox

When you're right you can afford to be courteous. When you're you've got to be.  
 To err is human - but it makes a better excuse the second time.



## BOOK

## REVIEWS

NOOKS AND CORNERS OF THE NEW ENGLAND COAST, Drake, Samuel Adams. New York, 1875. 459 pp. Over 280 illustrations; Analytical table of contents; Index. Reissued by Singing Tree Press, Detroit, Mich. 1969. L.C. 69-19883. \$15.09

Drake wrote several books about New England and I have always thought that this was the best of them. It combines history and folklore in a highly entertaining manner. I found it just as interesting reading today as when I first read it as a high school lad many long years ago. I am not too sure that Drake has all of his facts authenticated but in this book they are not too glaringly evident. The only fault that I find with the book is the price - too high for a reprint.

NEGRO MYTHS FROM THE GEORGIA COAST: Jones, Charles C. Jr. Told in the Vernacular. 1888 171 pp. Reissued by Singing Tree Press, Detroit, Mich. 1969. L.C. 68-21779. \$8.50.

Through the salvaging efforts of the author some sixty one stories of the black man of the rice-fields and the sea islands of Georgia and the Carolinas have been collected and faithfully reproduced in the distinctive dialect of the area. Accordingly it takes a bit of getting used to. Once you've gotten used to the words and expressions it is a fascinating book. A glossary providing definitions of the words is a big help. I am sure that all folklorists will delight in the book.



THE STORY OF SANTA KLAUS. New York, 1939. 231 pp. 47 illustrations. Republished by Gale Research Co. Detroit, Mich. 1970. by William S. Walsh. L.C. 68-58166. \$7.50.

This is a delightful book and appropos of the season. The focus is on Santa Klaus, but also it delves into interrelated beliefs, events, and customs, such as the story of the three mings, the Christmas tree. Twelfth-Night, pantomimes, and other Christmas forms the world over. High recommended.

PROVERB LORE. Hulme, Frederick Edward. An Historical Study of the Similarities, Contrasts, Topics, Meanings and Other Facets of Proverbs, Truisms, and Pithy Sayings, As Expressed by the People of Many Lands and Times. London, 1902. viii # 269pp. Republished by Gale Research Co, Detroit, Mich. 1968. L.C. 67-23913. \$8.50

This is not just a collection of hundreds of proverbs listed according to subject, etc. True, you will find a great many proverbs in the text. More, you will find the book most enjoyable to read. The seven orderly chapters furnish a serviceable approach to the intriguing and revealing lore of the proverb. The author covers many aspects, such as the value of the study of proverbs, ancient collections, proverbs that are misunderstood, etc. An excellent book.

CURIOSITIES OF INDO-EUROPEAN TRADITION AND FOLK-LORE. Kelly, Walter K. London, 1863. Bibliography; Analytical table of contents; Footnotes; Index. Reissued by Singing Tree Press, Detroit, Mich. 1969. .C. 68-22032. \$12.50.

The purpose of this study was to provide meanings and principles of order for seemingly unintelligible Indo-European superstitions and traditions. Don't be misled by the title; it is completely delightful and fascinating book. The price is high for a reprint, but worth it to the serious folklorist or collector.

THE ENGLISH TABLE IN HISTORY AND LITERATURE. Cooper, Charles. London, 1929. x # 23<sup>app</sup>. Illustrations; Appendix; Index. Reissued by Singing Tree Press, Detroit, Mich. 1968. L.C. 68-21760. \$11.00

Collectors of cookbooks, recipes, etc. will find this a most desirable book. Served up for their enjoyment are accounts about writers of old cookery books, recipes, changing habits in dining and drinking, utensils, country housekeeping, etc. It teems with anecdotes about culinary authors, dining clubs, and doughty connoisseurs. The price is high for a reprint but nevertheless the book is recommended to folklorists.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JAMES CATNACH. Hindley, Charles. London, 1878. xviii # 432pp. Reissued by Singing Tree Press, Detroit, Mich. 1968. L.C. 68-20122. \$16.00

I found this a fascinating picture of a man and his times. To the ordinary run-of-the-mill folk singer the name James Catnach is as unknown and unheard of as is the name of the Governor of Saxa! Yet Catnach published hundreds of "ballads" commemorating real or catch-penny accounts of murders, impossible robberies, dark deeds and public executions, some of which have come down to us in the present day. In this book you will read how Jemmy Catnach made his fortune in Monmouth Court, which is to this day in the Seven Dials, which is in London. His altercations with the law, his unscrewedness and his fanatical energy are all described within the framework of the hustle and stink of the back streets. The price is high for a reprint but it is a delightful book about a fabulous character of the last century.



# THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COIN

by E.N. JOHNSON



There have been reams of words written and millions of words spoken - all in discussion of why square dance clubs fail; why we are losing dancers; why are beginner classes getting smaller. We'll add a few hundred more words to this subject with our observations and experiences in the last year.

In the first place, the three key words of square dancing are: Fun, friendliness, and fellowship. It is on these premises that new people are brought into the activity; to fill the classes and ultimately to fill the clubs.

These new dancers learn all the do's and don'ts in class - be friendly, never pass an open square, don't set up squares, be patient, have good manners. Then - when they venture forth to an open dance, they see infractions of all these rules. No wonder they become discouraged.

We have attended several dances this last year and were appalled at the lack of friendliness practiced by the club members, and by visitors alike. Some of these clubs had a couple at the door to take the money, or to sell raffle tickets, but no effort was made for the visitors to feel welcome. One club was like an armed

camp. The visitors all seated on one side of the room, and the club members all seated on the opposite side. When the call came to "Square 'em up", each side formed their own squares. No intermingling, no sharing, not a bit of friendliness! We overheard a member complaining about the small crowd and that they hadn't had a successful dance in months. It isn't difficult to understand! Guests never return because of the unfriendly attitude of the members. You can have the greatest caller in the country and dance in the best hall, but without friendliness, you will not have a successful club.



On the other side of the coin, some visitors are equally unfriendly. A visiting group, dressed in their club outfits, stand out like sore thumbs when they dance together all evening, never mixing, never trying to make friends. In both instances, be it club members, or visitors, it is a display of very bad manners. What a difference it would make if each member of a club asked a guest to exchange a dance, or to sit down and chat a few minutes, or to share refreshments with them. Some years ago, it was the practice of most of the callers to use a mixer such as, "scoot and Scat", or they would get everyone into a big circle just before refreshment time, call a grand right and left, and the one you met at the end of the call would be your partner for refreshments and for the square following.

Our suggestion to remedy this situation is that each club member act as an ambassador of good will to welcome visitors; to introduce them to other members; to ask them into a square; to be concerned with their enjoyment of the dance, and to ask them to come again.



An extended hand of friendship can do more than anything else in bringing guests to your club. Not only AT your club dances, but whenever you are in contact with others. Don't just publicize your club as being "friendly" - prove it! Give your club a new motto:

"Be a friend, not just a host!"

xoxoxoxox

Special note: If you know of any young people who might be interested in studying dance at the collegiate level, please recommend them to the State University at Brockport, N.Y. Dance at Brockport is a department in its own right, and a part of the Fine Arts Division, and so is able to offer various concentrations in Dance within the liberal arts curriculum, leading to the Bachelor of Arts degree. Graduate courses are also offered, and a Master of Arts degree program is underway. Brockport, with a resident professional dance company, and some fifteen highly qualified members in its Dance Department, is presently one of the most active campuses in the country insofar as dance is concerned.

xoxoxoxoxo

M.A. Greenhill presents in The Folklore Concert Series, "INBAL DANCE THEATRE" of Israel at John Hancock Hall in Boston, Feb. 16, 17, 18 - 8:30 p.m.

xoxoxoxox

Still another reason for not putting off until tomorrow what you can do today is that the tax on it will probably be higher.

Good salesmanship is selling goods that won't come back to customers who will.

Bright eyes indicate curiosity. Black eyes indicate too much!

# IT'S FUN

# TO HUNT



The following items are from the pages of The Cheshire Republican, a weekly newspaper published in Keene N.H. for some eighty years during the 1800s and 1900s until 1912. We find these old-time dance items of interest.

12/9/82 City Notices:- A juvenile dancing school will commence Saturday, December 9, at one o'clock p.m. at Liberty hall. Tickets \$2.00 for twelve lessons. W.W. Ball, teacher.

11/18/82 Chesterfield:- Charles Stearns, the jolly landlord of the Chesterfield House, at Chesterfield Center, will receive his old friends on Wednesday evening, November 29. There will be a dance at the town hall, a supper in the true Chesterfieldian style; ye gentle turtle dove, ye penguin, ye quail-on-toast, ye fattest of fat turkeys, all will grace his table, and the occasion will be one of special Thanksgiving.

Surry:- The village school closed last week Wednesday and the scholars had a social dance in the evening at the town hall.

12/2/82 City News:- The concert and ball, given by the Keene High School Cadets in Cheshire hall on Thanksgiving evening, was the pleasantest affair of the kind that has occurred in Keene for years. At eight o'clock

a large company had assembled, to listen to the concert and witness the drill, so that all the seats around the hall and in the gallery were occupied. The concert and music for dancing was by the Second Regiment Band orchestra. When dancing began the sets were crowded by a party of young people, a company such as is seldom seen outside of large towns. The costumes of the young men were attractive and becoming, and their graceful dancing elicited pleasing comment. The young gentlemen were very attentive to their partners, while their polite and courteous bearing won general esteem. The festivities which were continued till a late hour, can but serve as a source of happy remembrances to each member of the gay party, to which time will soon enough bring it varied changes.



12/9/82 City News:- The members of W.W. Ball's former dancing class, and their friends will commence a course of dancing assemblies at Liberty hall, Saturday evening December 9, at half-past six o'clock. Tickets to course \$2.00. Music, Ball & Maynard.

The annual concert and ball given by the Keene Fire Department on the 29th inst. will eclipse all similar efforts of the department. The music for the occasion will be furnished by the Boston Cadet band, under the direction of the conductor, Mr. J. Thomas Baldwin. Solos will be rendered by Messrs Thomas W. Henry, Cornet; August Damm, flute and piccolo and Lorenzo White, clarionet. But the leading attraction of the concert will be the zylophone solo, performed by Mr. Thomas Senia, of the Boston Theatre orchestra, who has been specially engaged for the occasion.

Alstead:- The Thanksgiving ball at the Humphrey House was a decided success; one hundred and ten couples participating. The company was remarkably quiet, and the supper such as is always provided by Mr. Burge was excellent. Music, Maynard & White's orchestra.

Marlborough:- The entertainment advertised for the bene

fit of the Cadet orchestra of Keene, had to be given up on account of repairs being made in the town hall, difficulties not anticipated in repairing it, prevented its completion in season for the entertainment. For the same reason also, the young people had to forego the usual Thanksgiving treat upon the light fantastic toe.

### ≡ ○ ≡

12/16/82 City News:- Keene Quadrille orchestra plays for a social dance at East Westmoreland this (Friday) evening. A sleigh ride over would be just the thing for some of our young people.

The sociable by members of the Social Friends Lodge, F & A.M. at St. John's hall Thursday evening was a most enjoyable affair. A large company of members of the lodge and the lady relatives and friends and a few invited guests were present. The occasion was enlivened by the Keene Quadrille Orchestra, and later in the evening the entire company was invited to partake of the bountifully spread tables in the upper hall. About one hundred and twenty-five sat down to the banquet.

Richmond:- A dancing school has been organized here under the direction of Prof. W.W. Ball.

Fitzwilliam:- There was a dedication ball at Bowen's new mill Friday, December 8. Slate's band of six pieces furnished the music.

Munsonville:- Frederick Taylor, Esq. Democratic representative elect from the towns of Nelson and Stoddard, in honor of his election, Friday evening of last week, entertained his many friends and acquaintances, both old and young, from the surrounding towns to the number of two hundred or more, by giving them a grand reception and banquet at his residence, and a dance at Union hall to the music of Maynard & Wheeler's Quadrille band of your city, which by the way is hard to beat. All present united in saying they had a jolly good time, such as "Fred" and his wife know just how to get up. They



are a host in themselves.

Stoddard:- Between thirty and forty of our Stoddard people went to Munsenville to Mr. Taylor's reception, and all enjoyed the evening's entertainment. Mr. Taylor spared neither time nor money to make the evening enjoyable.



12/23/82 City News:- Keene Quadrille orchestra played for the Odd Fellow's Assembly at Cheshire hall, Wednesday evening, for coffee house benefit Thursday evening at city hall, and are to play this (Friday) evening for Grand Army dance at Cheshire hall. This orchestra will furnish music for festival and dance at Westmoreland on Thursday evening Dec. 27, for ball at Proctorsville, Vt Jan. 1, for ball at Dublin the 2d, dance at Westmoreland the 4th, and annual levee at South Woodstock, Vt. the 8th.

Maynard & Wheeler's orchestra play for a Masonic concert and ball at Ludlow this (Friday) evening. Next week they play for balls at Walpole, Bellows Falls and Chesterfield Factory.

Fitzwilliam:- The firemen have their annual ball Friday Dec. 29. Slate's orchestra furnish music. Supper at Wilbur's hotel.

Westmoreland:- The ladies of the Universalist society will hold their annual fair and dance at town hall on Wednesday evening, December 27. A variety of useful articles will be disposed of, including a quilt, farmer's frock, solid gold ring. Music, Second Regiment band orchestra.



12/31/82 City News:- Grand concert and ball this (Friday) evening for the benefit of the Keene Fire Department. The music by Boston Cadet Band, eleven pieces is expected to be the finest ever rendered in city hall. The performance of Mr. Thomas B. Senia, the celebrated

zylophone soloist of Boston Theatre orchestra, will be a rare attraction, and with the other selections that make up the programme should be heard by all lovers of music.

Stoddard:- We see by the bills that J.H. Howe, South Stoddard, gives a New Year's ball next Monday evening. We trust it will be enjoyable.

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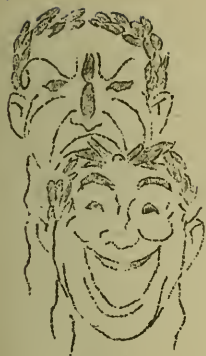
1/6/83 Marlow:- The New Year's ball at the Forest House on Tuesday evening January 2, was a complete success in every respect. There were 65 couples present. The music (Richardson's band, G.H. Long, Prompter), was first class. Everything was in order and all were perfectly satisfied. The colonel was feeling happy and was around. The various hotels were represented by their landlords. We noticed Burge, of Alstead; Shaffner, of Gilsum; Hill of Surry; and Harding, formerly of South Stoddard.

Stoddard:- The evening was fine for the ball at So. Stoddard, which was not so well attended as we had hoped it might be. Quite a number from here went to the ball at Marlow on Tuesday evening.

1/20/83 City News:- The Keene Quadrille band has been engaged to furnish music for the Cadet ball, to be given in Cheshire Hall, Wednesday evening, Feb. 14. Vermont papers speak very highly of Prof. Allen and his orchestra, when they have played up that way.

The Cadets gave a sheet and pillow case dance at their hall Wednesday evening. Twenty couples report a pleasant time.





# PAINLESS FOLKLORE

## There's No Fun In

## Dying Anymore

by DAN CAHALANE

The traditional custom of "waking the dead" has virtually died in Ireland, but here and there, you'll still find some shenanigans at the send-off.

"There's no fun in dying anymore," grumbled an old timer recently in Connemara, where traces of the old-style wakes still linger on. "In the old days wakes were far merrier than weddings," he added, "but nowadays they'll hardly dance a jig or a reel or have a worthwhile party."

Relentless church opposition down through the centuries has gradually stamped out most of the excesses associated with Irish wakes in rural areas, but old has its die hard.

Wakes were merry, boisterous affairs, full of good humor and hard liquor. There was dancing and story telling, feats of strength and contests in agility. The fiddler played his jigs and reels and now and again the corpse was taken to the floor for a set.

The wakes went for days and, in the end, the relatives didn't have a penny to their name. "In those days" said the old-timer, "everyone used to look forward to the deaths of the old folk in the village - when it came they had a night of turf-throwing and frivolity."

Clerical hostility apart, change, social patterns, new ideas and new ways of thinking sounded the death knell for the wake. Perhaps the most basic factor of the lot was the modern custom of bringing the remains for an overnight stay in the church.

The focal point of the wake was the corpse - if it wasn't present the party was just a shindig and you couldn't claim you were drinking just to keep the dead man company.

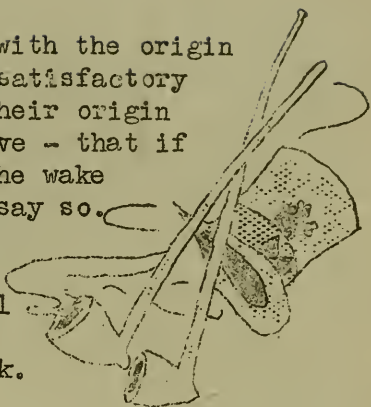
As far back as 1614 the Irish bishops are on record with their condemnation of wakes. "The pious feelings of devout people are outraged by the singing and lewd songs and playing of obscene games by silly fellows, conduct which would not be permissible even on occasions of merrymaking." said a statute of the Synod of Armaugh.

More than a hundred years later the regulations for the archdiocese of Dublin declared: "All those who have care of souls are ordered to put an end to misbehavior at wakes and further to compel those who sing smutty songs and play unchristian games on those occasions to do public penance."

All the fun and frivolity at Irish wakes weren't intended as any disrespect toward the dead. On the contrary, the longer the wake and the noisier the hijinks at it, meant the greatest esteem for the departed. In fact, in some areas it was considered a poor showing among the local folk if there wasn't a fight or two to celebrate the day. Some families, they say, even hired toughs to start a brawl so no one could claim it had buried its dead without a fist flying.



Historians have wrestled with the origin of wakes without producing any satisfactory answer. Some believe they had their origin in the fear of being buried alive - that if the person wasn't really dead the wake would give him time to sit and say so. Others believe wakes had their origin in efforts to give the dead man protection against evil spirits - indulging in one to drive out the other, so to speak.



But all agree behind the merri-ment and funmaking, was a real fear - fear that the dead man might return to take revenge on those who had succeeded to his possessions. For this reason no effort was spared to placate the dead, and to speak nicely of him. This had to be done while the corpse was still in the room and looking on, sometimes with a clay pipe in his mouth, otherwise he mightn't get the message.

The old ways have given way to the new and the origins of the wake lie hidden in the past and the memories of them are fading fast. Little has been written about them, and research is difficult. Efforts are only now being made to compile some coherent record of what took place and why.

Where "waking" is still carried on, it is a pale shadow of the past. Except for a few old-timers, there appears little regret things have changed, and even the old-timers concede the present cost of living would make old-style dying prohibitive.



## REMEMBER WHEN?

Remember when hippie meant big in the hips,  
 And a trip involved travel in cars, planes or ships?  
 When pot was a vessel for cooking things in;  
 And hooked was what grandmother's rugs may have been?

When fix was a verb that meant mend or repair,  
 And be-in meant simply existing somewhere  
 When neat meant well-organized, tidy and clean,  
 And grass was a ground cover, normally green?

When lights and not people were switched on and off,  
 And the pill might have been what you took for a cough;  
 When groovy meant furrowed with channels and hollows,  
 And birds were winged creatures like robins and swallows.

When fuzz was a substance, fluffy like lint!  
 And bread came from bakeries, not from the mint!  
 When roll meant a bun and rock was a stone,  
 And hung-up was something you did with the phone?

When chicken meant poultry, and bag was a sack,  
 And junk trashy castoffs and bric-a-brac;  
 What cat was a feline, a kitten grown up,  
 And tea was a liquid you drank from a cup?

When swinger was someone who swings in a swing,  
 And pad was a sort of cushiony thing;  
 When way out meant distant and far, far away,  
 And a man couldn't sue for calling him gay?

Words once so sensible, sober and serious,  
 Are making the freak-scene like psyche-delerious.  
 It's groovy, man, groovy, but English it's not,  
 Methinks the language has gone straight to pot.

With thanks to Bert Everett, Ontario.

## SUNDAY'S CHILD

The days of the week when babies are born supposedly have a great influence upon their future life. Remember this familiar rhyme?

Sunday's child is full of grace,  
 Monday's child is fair of face,  
 Tuesday's child is solemn and sad,  
 Wednesday's child is merry and glad;  
 Thursday's child is inclined to grieving,  
 Friday's child is free in giving,  
 Saturday's child works hard for his living.

## THE GREAT YANKEE STORM

When Cape Cod was a great fishing center, hundreds of vessels went to the mackerel grounds in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. In the great storm of 1850 many of these sailing vessels were wrecked on the north shore of Prince Edward Island. Between two and three hundred of the fishermen lost their lives, most of them from the Truro villages of Cape Cod. This appalling disaster was ever afterward known as the Great Yankee Storm.

## RADISH LEAVES

Did you know that you could protect yourself from Halloween witches by wearing a crown of radish leaves? At least, that was the belief of many people long ago. It is thought that this strange belief stems from an old German story about an evil creature named Rubezahl. He was supposed to turn folks into radishes. As a punishment, the story goes, he was turned into a radish too!

You can lead a horse to water,  
 But you cannot make him drink;  
 You can send a boy to college,  
 But you cannot make him think!



## IMPROBABLE THINGS THAT KEEP HAPPENING

Holding an audience in the palm of your hand, crying in your beer, going for a "spin" in your car, running around in circles and watching Spring busting out aoo over.

Chewing the rag, carrying a torch, talking a blue streak meeting your Waterloo and dashing cold water on an idea.

## CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

My pride in my marble collection of aggies, pearlies, clearied, pureys, etc.

Trying to blow all the seeds from a dandelion seed ball to prove that your sweetheart loved you.

A garnet under your pillow was said to cure one of insomnia; an amethyst would keep one sober; an emerald would help to be more compatible with the opposite sex; and, to find true love, one must wear a sapphire.

And the old rhyme:

"Open your mouth  
And close your eyes,  
I'll give you something  
To make you wise".

Miseries today's youngsters will never know: taking cod liver oil, getting hot water poured over them in a wash tub and then being scrubbed with Fels Naptha soap, and that itchy underwear of the old days.

x0x

No matter what happens, there's always someone who knew it would.

Definition of an instant: the length of time it takes a supermarket cash register to reach \$10.

If you look as bad as your passport photograph indicates, you probably need the vacation trip.



## NATURE LORE

Many Indian tribes believed that the black gum tree could not be hit by lightning. The Tuscaroras explained that lightning ran round and round the tree trying to get in but never succeeded.

In many countries colored Easter eggs are traditional, the designs reflecting the folk art of the country. In Spain, the colors themselves have significance: pink for a sweetheart, yellow for a mother-in-law; black indicates trouble ahead.

In some rural areas it is considered a bad sign if a bird flies against a window pane at night.

One of the early writers on Indian life reported that Indians believed eagles and owls were observers for a god. When one flew overhead or perched nearby, the Indians felt that some sacrifice was needed to appease the god.

Iris, also called Sweet Flag, was used in old China as a medicine. It was also thought to be a charm and was hung on doors to prevent evil from entering the house.

A cure for rheumatism said to be effective for thirty years calls for drinking the following mixture on a Friday, Saturday, and Sunday morning in the spring: three sprays of elderberry blossoms boiled in a quart of sweet milk in a new earthen pot.

xox

Many a man who is proud of his right to say what he pleases, wishes he had the nerve.  
Heaven: 1970 wages, 1926 dividends, 1932 prices and -- 1910 taxes!

An executive is one who never puts off until tomorrow what he can get someone else to do today.

Some persons get lost in thought very quickly because it is unfamiliar territory to them.

# CHEF'S NOTEBOOK



Over cooked broccoli, pour a mixture of mayonnaise and lemon juice, and sprinkle with nutmeg.

A dab of honey on your baked potato will add to its flavor.

To keep poultry dressing from drying out, add patties of butter when stuffing the bird. This melts during the cooking and keeps dressing tasty and moist.

Garnish your chopped steaks with halves of broiled banana and sliced pineapple and you have Chopped Steak Hawaiian.

Corned beef hash can be spiced and made quite different with the addition of sharp cheddar cheese.

For a zestier taste, spread a little mustard in the salad bowl before tossing the ingredients.

Do not throw out left over coffee - it's great for pan gravy. You can also use leftover black coffee in place of water for a mouth-watering pot roast.

For an attractive garnish for a tasty green salad, press a hard-cooked egg or two through a sieve and sprinkle on the greens after they've been mixed with salad dressing.

Brush spareribs with brown sugar for swifter cooking, and better taste.

For a delicious glaze for ham, combine one-half cup each of apricot and pineapple preserves and stir in a teaspoonful of horse-radish mustard.

Bake spareribs in soy sauce for a delicious Oriental flavor.

For a better tasting batch of spaghetti, try cooking it with a cup of melted cheese poured in.

Brighten the taste of hamburgers by placing a bit of blue cheese on top while grilling.



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Don't forget the dates for the New England Folk Festival - May 14 & 15, 1971, at the King Philip Regional High School, on Route 140 in Wrentham, Mass. AND the Festival workshop for members only Sunday p.m. at the same place. Dance with Ted Sannella, squares & contras; Dave Henry, Israeli & Greek Dances.

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